

MISSOURI REPUBLICANS.

They Meet at Excelsior Springs and Nominate a Ticket.

The Platform Declares for Protection, Enforcement of Immigration Laws and the Consistent Coinage of Silver.

The Ticket.
Judge Supreme Court.—William M. Robertson, of Webb City.
Superintendent Public Schools.—J. R. Kirk, of Westport.
Railroad Commissioner.—Joseph Flory, of St. Louis.

There was a great crowd at Excelsior Springs on the 15th, when the republican state convention convened. The convention did not assemble until 12 o'clock, although the hall, which seats 1,500, was packed at 9:30. Chairman Bothwell of the state central committee called the convention to order, and made a brief address, reviewing the prospects of the party in general and the political outlook in Missouri in particular. When Chauncey I. Filley, Maj. Warner and Mayor Webster Davis of Kansas City entered the hall they were warmly received.

At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Bothwell introduced Maj. Warner as temporary chairman. Maj. Warner addressed the convention at length, predicting a republican victory this fall, and commending the success of democracy conducting the ship of state to the traditional bull in the china shop.

Following Maj. Warner's address Mayor Thompson of Excelsior Springs welcomed the delegates. Maj. Warner responded to the address, after which Mr. L. M. Hall was made temporary secretary.

After appointing the committees on credentials, permanent organization, order of business and resolutions, a recess was taken until 4 o'clock.

After lunch music hall was filled, and the time was occupied with speeches by various leaders of the party in the state, which included the delegates with additional enthusiasm. A telegram of congratulation was read to the convention from Mr. R. Barthold, of St. Louis, the lone republican Missouri congressman, which was received with applause.

The committee on credentials reported that names of 945 delegates were entitled to seats in the convention. The committee on permanent organization reported Hon. L. H. Waters as permanent chairman, W. A. Hobbs, St. Louis, secretary, and Col. John P. Tracy, of Springfield, sergeant-at-arms.

THE NOMINATIONS.
 Col. J. P. Tracy, of Springfield, nominated W. S. Shirk, of Sedalia, as a candidate for supreme judge, and Col. J. H. Flannigan, nominated William M. Robertson, of Webb City, in nomination. The vote stood: Flannigan, 681; Shirk, 247.

On motion of Col. Tracy the nomination was made unanimous.

Joe McCoy, of Independence, nominated J. R. Kirk, of Westport, for superintendent of public schools, and R. F. Russell, of Crawford, placed F. H. Lynch, of Mountain View, in nomination. The vote stood: McCoy, 173; Russell, 173; Lynch, 31. On motion of Mr. Russell the nomination was made unanimous.

The following were nominated for railroad commissioner: Joseph Flory, of St. Louis; S. R. Grimm, T. J. Preston, Theodore Hews, C. D. Comfort. The vote stood: Flory, 373; Grimm, 173; Preston, 143; Hews, 53; McDonald and Comfort withdrew on motion, and the nomination was made unanimous for Flory.

FILLEY WITH A WHOOP.
 When the chairman of the convention announced that the next order of business was the nomination of a chairman for the state central committee, a ripple of suppressed excitement and expectation ran through the body. Mr. W. S. Leper, in a spirited speech, nominated Chauncey Ives Filley. A storm of applause greeted the mention of his name. No other name was put in nomination, and the suggestion went through with enthusiasm.

Next came the nomination and election of four committeemen-at-large for the state central committee. An uproar followed which was impossible for chairman Waters to control for some time, though he shouted himself hoarse and nearly pounded his desk into kindling wood in his efforts to preserve order. Finally he entertained a motion to adjourn, which was voted down with an emphatic no, which nearly raised the roof. Something like order having been obtained, the nominations began, but confusion again broke out, and Secretary Hobbs was compelled to begin calling the roll for nominations, and the following gentlemen were named: Charles Schattner, Charles Covington, James C. Beach, W. S. Leper, James Taylor, Ed. H. Redmond, Charles F. Galliegan, J. W. Wall, Burr Duncan, L. D. Bell and T. F. Russell. The nominations being closed, the ballot resulted in the following selections: Burr Duncan, of Poplar Bluff; Charles Galliegan, of Franklin county; Charles Schattner, of Kansas City, and W. S. Leper, of Caldwell county.

Numerous motions to adjourn were made and lost, and great confusion ensued. The members being wearied with their labors and tired of waiting for the committee on resolutions to report, a member made a motion to adopt the Minneapolis platform and adjourn sine die.

This motion was defeated, and the convention took a recess for an hour for supper.

When the convention reconvened the committee on resolutions presented its report, which was adopted unanimously.

FILLEY CALLED FOR.
 The convention by a rising vote tendered their thanks to the citizens of Excelsior Springs for the excellent manner in which they entertained the convention.

Chauncey I. Filley was called to the rostrum and made a short address, in which he thanked the republicans for which they had transacted the business of the convention and the honor they had conferred upon him, and stated very emphatically that they would enter upon the campaign with renewed energy, and with plenty of funds in the bank and with vigorous campaign than ever before. He said victory was in the air, and there was nothing that could stay the tidal wave of republicanism.

The convention then adjourned sine die.

The Candidates.
 W. M. Robertson, the nominee for the supreme bench, resides at Webb City, and is a man

THE SECRET OF THE BROOK.

The great sea called me, and I came from the hillside, bleak and brown; And many grateful blessings met The twinkling of my silver feet As I pass singing, singing, down.

The happy birds my waters drink, The mosses grow so velvet green If I but touch them; at my brink, The pastured cattle stand and drink, And life is still a shifting scene.

I spend my wealth for others' good, And thus, in turn, their best I take; The wind delights in every mood, Sun, storm or quiet o'er me broods, And each a newer charm doth make.

My errand will not let me stay In any spot, though fair it be; Even while you watch I slip away, By day and night, by night and day, To add my ripple to the sea.

Which even needs a brook like me—
 —Charles M. Fackard, in S. S. Times.

WHAT SELIM COULD NOT FORGET

THE McNAIR girls had company, Cadence and R. M. Wheeler, two blue-eyed New England maids with white locks.

Cadence was so named by a fond mother, who detected music in the first-born baby lamentations—music appreciated by the mother alone.

A number of articles were needed in the McNAIR household, which some body must get in Lewisville.

Home duties claimed Julie and Marie McNAIR—not straw-berry-hulling or pea-shelling—real, practical, necessary lamp-filling, some baking for next day's league picnic, and the churning—three gallons of sour cream must be speedily be churned.

"I cannot drive to town," laughed Julie. "That golden butter must be churned. Horrid work!"

"Buzzy is so—well, Buzzy is only a little boy, I can't send him shopping," sighed Mrs. McNAIR.

Thoughtful Mr. McNAIR said: "Why not Caddie Wheeler? Caddie isn't timid. Selim is a trusty animal, works well in the girls' phaeton."

"Oh, father, you dear!" cried Julie, joyously. "Three cheers! Ruby get your bonnet; Caddie, I'll show you how to hold the lines and guide. Father, you may get to your work. I can hitch up. You girls need not be one mite afraid. Selim is just the kindest, smartest old horse, goes around all the bad places. You'll have nothing to do, only avoid the crowded streets. You know, too, just where to go."

"Laws, now," said the hired man. "I do wonder, Buzzy, if your pop's going to let them strange girls her Selim and drive to the city 'thout compny?"

"Phillip, Selim's gentle as a dog. They've been to the city a dozen times. Selim likes to poke along slow."

"Did you ever see him run to a fire?" inquired Phillip.

"First? Umph, Selim hasn't been in the fire service the last eight years. He was only in the service two years," said Buzzy, conclusively.

"I don't care. He was one in a fire team. He was disciplined every day. He was young and learned his lesson by heart. He will never forget it either. Neither folks nor horses can quite understand things that's most second nature. Selim is a beauty, gentle and obedient, but he can't be trusted in the city. He's been tested. A gentleman in the city wanted him bad for a family carriage horse, then fire signals start him again. Selim had to find a home in the country, where the fire goes."

"Ho! ho! I see," laughed Buzzy. "Wouldn't it be fun to see old Selim clip it?"

"It wouldn't be fun for the girls."

"I don't want harm to come to them. I thought, Phillip, you said discipline was so helpful."

"I did," curly replied Phillip. "But it makes Selim unreliable."

"Selim's a good horse—biddable, too."

"I don't understand you, Phillip. I do not believe even a fire gong will wake up that sleek, fat, lazy fellow. The girls will drive home in safety," said Buzzy.

"If I really feared anything would happen here, I should have washed your pop. I say there's a risk that Selim'll hear the fire alarm, catch sight of the hose carts and fire teams, an' mind his own past trainin'."

A horse isn't supposed to know when to clip obeyin' signals. Boys may learn when to do or leave off doin' things. Now s'pose you tell your pop to come here."

The noon lunch was eaten. Two o'clock and the Wheeler girls were not in sight. Julie kept watch at the attic window, looking far down the road.

"If an accident has happened, Selim is not to blame," stoutly declared Mr. McNAIR.

"They're coming up the hill," cried Julie, rushing down the stairs. "Selim must have poked dreadfully."

"Did you have a pleasant drive, dear?" inquired Mrs. McNAIR.

Two girls hastily jumped from the phaeton.

"The hateful, mean old thing!" cried Ruth Wheeler, two tears standing in her eyes. "The pig-headed creature. He just would go. I could neither turn nor guide him. A gentleman attempted to restrain him, but—"

"Before Jehovah's awful throne" is a paraphrase of the hundredth psalm by Isaac Watts. It was much altered by John Wesley, who gave it the present form.

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